



I WISH I WAS LYING ALONE

Young girls, have pity on me!

Let me in your company mingle,
I once was a maiden so free

Like you I was happy and single
My mother advised me to wed

When still seventeen I had tarried,
To church we set off in a thrice,

With a man, lack-a-day, to get married

CHORUS I wish I was lying alone,

A short time he loved me sincere,

And used me both kindly and civil
But the honeymoon scarcely was over.

Before my husband turned out a devil,
The bellows he threw at my head,

My clothes to the "p-p-shop" he carried
I often wished he'd been dead,

Before that I ever got married

One night he came home in a pet,

And burned my new boots to a cinder;
The cat he kicked under the grate,

And the table he threw out of the window
The bed he took up on his back,

And off to the broker he carried,
He sold both the poker and pongs,

Oh! I wish I had never got married,

He has but shirt to his back,

To the grocer's shop he likes to be gazing
And all day he lies in bed,

Whilst his shirt & stockings I wash in;
His trousers are all full of holes.

Long my aprons before him he's carried,
He grunts and snores like a pig.

Oh! I wish I had never got married,
My husband's a comical man,

He's a regular out-and-out nipper.
He lays out the money himself,

In tea, sugar, candles, and pepper,
Sometimes for a halfpenny worth of starch,

A week or a fortnight I've tried,
I'm bothered to death and half starved,

Oh! I wish I had never got married,
When he buys any meat,

Once a month or I'm greatly mistaken
It's only a sheep's head and pluck,

Or a sweet bit of liver and bacon,
He says bread and butter are dear,

And the times are most shocking,
I drink water while he drinks strong beer

Oh! I wish I had never got married,
To the landlord the rent he does go with

Because he declares,
He has nought to be taken away,

But two broken chairs and a table;
For the bedclothes, the kundle, and broom

And the washing-tub off he has carried
I wish the old boy would catch him very soon,

Oh! I wish I had never got married,
I should be happy and joyful now,

If I could but just see it all right,
May old Nick come and whip him away,

Some morning before the day-light,
While you girls do single remain,

By a tyrant you'll never be baited,
If I was but single again,

By jingo I'd never get married.